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## CONGRESSIONAL

### A VALUABLE CAT LEAPS OUT OF A CASUAL BAG.

The Discussion on the Post Office Scandal and Post Office Appropriation Furnishes the Labor Movement With an Unexpected Admission From Capitalist Government That It Is Class Government.

No sensible man cares much about the wrangle in Congress about the Post Office scandals. The Democrats who are insisting upon "rigid investigation" and are posing in righteous indignation, know full well that if they were in the majority, their role would be that of the "disgraced Republicans" whom they are now harassing; and on the other hand, the Republicans who are dodging and being harassed, also know full well that if they were in the minority their role would be that of the righteously indignant Democrats. This mutual understanding of each other's position goes far to eliminate "bad blood" between the combatants, and to impart to the combat a routine aspect. For all this, one thing and another leaks out of the debate that is not exactly routine. Quite otherwise. For instance:

Alluding to the organizations of letter carriers, Representative James M. Griggs of Georgia said:

"But what of the Government official, Mr. Chairman? Against whom does he organize? Is he organized against capital? He is organized against supposed oppression or wrong somewhere. He is necessarily organized against the Government of the United States. The Government is merely the agent of the people. He is not only himself one of the agents of the people, but he is one of the people. Whenever such organized effort is made by Government employees to bring pressure on Congress for the purpose of changing their relations to the Government, they are engaged in an effort to coerce not only Congress, but the people of the United States. That which would be denounced as treason and conspiracy on the part of soldiers is commended as a patriotic effort to redress wrongs on the part of civil employees."

Hitherto, from Prof. Ely up or down, a favorite theory on the part of the visionary attackers of Socialism has been that the class struggle feature of Socialism has no application in this country. Our government they claimed is not, cannot be a class government; is it not, they would ask, a government chosen by the suffrage of all the people? To the Socialist answer that a capitalist class platform, voted for by the working class, does not thereby become a working class platform, no rejoinder, but a cynical shrugging of shoulders followed. And now comes Representative Griggs and gives, unwittingly, a jug to the shrugged shoulders.

Theory must fit facts, not facts theory. That stubborn thing called "facts" will ever assert itself. The fact that the letter carriers, workingmen no doubt, organize themselves and, that, as Representative Griggs well says, they do so, and can do so, only against the government proves that these letter carriers instinctively feel the class distinction between them and the government that employs them. The further fact, correctly quoted by Representative Griggs that such organization by employees of a government against the government is exactly what would be called conspiracy and treason on the part of soldiers, proves, in turn, that Representative Griggs, all theories to the contrary notwithstanding, likewise feels instinctively the class distinction between the government of which he is a part and the workingmen whom it employs. Where there is no class government the Griggs

Finally, and as if to emphasize the point, the speeches condemning the letter carriers' organization brought out the following executive order, issued and signed by President Theodore Roosevelt on January 31, 1902:

"All officers and employees of the United States, of every description, serving in or under any of the Executive Departments, and whether so serving in or out of Washington, are hereby forbidden, either directly or indirectly, individually or through associations, to solicit an increase of pay or to influence or attempt to influence in their own interest any

other legislation whatever, either before Congress or its committees, or in any way save through the heads of the Departments in or under which they serve, on penalty of dismissal from the Government service."

Thus the Post Office scandals have answered a useful purpose. They have furnished internal evidence, evidence from inside the capitalist camp itself, of the following theoretical and tactical principles of Socialism:

First—It is not enough for Labor to vote in order to control government; it must vote right;

Second—The capitalist principle supported by Labor votes remains capitalist, and the officials elected will constitute a capitalist government.

Third—The wrongfulness of class government can be abolished only by the triumph of a platform that is drawn up, strictly along the class lines of the working class—only the triumph of the working class can abolish classes and thereby class rule.

### STAY IN THE EAST.

Capitalist Press Is Issuing Lying Reports to Induce Migration to the West.

Seattle, Wash., March 16.—Most of those who have written to The People have answered Hanna's nonsensical statement that there are "two jobs for one man in the heyday of our prosperity." But the capitalist class, knowing that the majority of the working class are ever looking up to such "intellectuals," for guidance, and swallowing every word like a young bird would a worm or a carpet tack, are now using the (capitalist) press to exploit the sentiment created, to induce some families of the East to come out West, knowing that they can exploit men with wives and children more successfully than single individuals.

The Seattle "Post Intelligencer" of March 3, in an article from the "Two Pacifics," entitled, "The Land of No Poverty," says, "The opportunity on the Pacific Coast for the right kind of young men with grit and abounding energy are innumerable. Should 2,000,000 young men with the right sort of material in their make up reach the Pacific Coast in one day, it is the opinion of conservative Western employers that they could all gain a foothold and eventually become men of business and affairs. An essential preliminary is a stern determination to lay strong hands on the first opportunity that presents itself, whether it be rolling logs in a camp, driving spikes on a railroad, clerking, bookkeeping, trading or working along professional lines."

Now, if this is "the land of no poverty," I wonder what poverty is!

In this city, about Christmas, one thousand families were in dire need of assistance, as reported by the press here.

If poverty does not exist here, why are the charity organizations appealing for funds and claim to be assisting more than ever before? "If there is a chance for 2,000,000 young men, with the right material in them," why are the streets in front of the employment offices crowded with men, young and old, of every craft and profession willing to pay from one to five dollars for any kind of a job? Surely some of them are of the right material.

The Associated Press reports that the "city marshals" of California are busy handling the tramps from the closed down logging camps of California, Oregon and Washington.

This city is placarded with letters of this kind: "Wanted, 10,000 men to stay away from the Grays Harbor country." The conditions of the workers are so deplorable that "Dante's Inferno" is hardly a fit picture. With hundreds of mechanics lured from the industrial centers by the false statements of the press of a scarcity of men and high wages. Now, the above conditions exist.

Wages here are \$1.35, board and room \$5, coupled with high rent and industrial stagnation.

If those 2,000,000 could "all become men of business and affairs" why all these "sacrifice" advertising and sheriff's sales, auctions, selling below cost, and business men committing suicide because of failure and inability to find work, as recently happened here. And if there is such good chances for men and women, why are so many advertising themselves as sober, industrious, thrifty and competent with good recommendations offering their services at any price?

Pat. Driscoll.

50 cents a day demanded, but raised the

# WEEKLY PEOPLE



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PRICE TWO CENTS 50 CENTS PER YEAR

## DETROIT CELEBRATION

### OF THE COMMUNE AN INSPIRING SUCCESS.

Response of Big and Attentive Audience to Speakers Fills S. L. P. Veterans With Renewed Hope and Determination—The "New Primary Election Reform."

Detroit, March 23.—Section Detroit celebrated the Paris Commune on Sunday, March 20, in a befitting manner. The large hall, with entrance at No. 273 Avenue known as Mannebach's Hall, was completely filled with a very attentive audience. The speakers, as well as the music and the recitations, enabled the class-conscious workingmen of Detroit to review and to consider again the happenings of those history-making days in a way that impressed upon them nothing but hope and inspiration for the future, while, at the same time, it also enabled them to perceive and to avoid the mistakes and the fallacies of that time.

After the meeting was called to order by Comrade M. Meyer, he explained the significance of the Paris Commune, and the purpose of the celebration, ending by announcing that "A. C. Wiedeck's Family Orchestra" would play a "selection."

Following the selection came an address by Comrade Frank A. Bohn, of Ann Arbor, in which he outlined the causes of the war between Prussia and France and the part each played in the suppression of the Commune, as well as the reasons that created the Commune.

The part Napoleon III. played, and how he was finally dropped by the capitalist elements of France, were held up as a warning against submission to capitalist speculators; and the part taken in the Commune by even the erstwhile most insignificant habitants of Paris was pointed out as evidence of the effect of revolutionary aspirations and movements on these same people.

Bohn then showed that consistency and hard work for the S. L. P. press are necessary to put the S. L. P., which is the only revolutionary and class-conscious movement or party in America, in the position necessary for safe and effective work. When Bohn had carried the most necessary points in an entirely satisfactory manner he closed, while the audience showed that it appreciated his address by loud and long applause.

Next Adolph Bueche recited "Mont Martre," which was also appreciated by the audience.

A mandolin solo, by Hugo Gersbach and his brother, added much to make the celebration an enjoyable affair.

Thereafter Comrade Herman Richter addressed the meeting in German, and laid stress upon the lessons to be drawn from the Paris Commune, as well as the necessity for class-conscious organization.

That nearly every one in the audience remained to the end, in spite of the fact that many could not understand German, showed how much the audience was interested in the celebration.

Richter also earned and received loud and long applause when he concluded his address with the recitation: "Our masters seem big only because the proletariat is on its knees."

The "Marseillaise," played by "Wiedeck's Family Orchestra," ended the celebration, and the long applause that followed the rendering of this revolutionary hymn made the veterans of the S. L. P. realize that the seed sown by conditions and by their own past efforts did not fall on barren rocks, and this enthusiastic demonstration made their pulses beat faster when they witnessed it.

As the chairman had announced and explained that tickets for the National Campaign Fund, as well as books and papers, could be obtained in the back part of the hall, there was such a rush there that it was found that not enough tickets were on hand to satisfy the demand for same, and Bebel's "Woman," as well as various other books, found ready buyers.

But probably the most significant occurrence of the day was the appearance of the so-called "Business Agent" of the "Musicians' Union," asking whether or not the S. L. P. was paying for the music furnished by the respective musicians.

The celebration of the Paris Commune was, therefore, this year, a thorough

(Continued on Page Six.)

## TACT AND PRINCIPLE

By E. H. Vaupel, Member "Socialist" Party, in Dayton, O., "New Nation":

The capitalistic attitude assumed by the A. F. of L. "machine" against Socialism, certain industrially organized bodies and the A. L. U., is going to give our persistent questioning S. L. P. friends the chance of a lifetime.

Some of the questions along the above line are being put to our comrades today, and the awkward position they are consequently placed in will surely be emphasized when these questions are asked of a Socialist speaker before a large audience.

And I am sure that after going over them the "New Nation" readers will come to the conclusion that we are making a serious mistake in not taking them up at once, and placing ourselves on record fairly and squarely, as standing for principles, no matter what the immediate result may be.

But now for the questions of our S. L. P. friends:

1. Don't you Socialists favor the A. F. of L.?

2. Did not the A. F. of L. put itself emphatically on public record against Socialism, and is not the A. F. of L. "machine" attacking and misrepresenting Socialism continually in the American Federationist, opening its columns even to Socialist renegades, but never to a genuine Socialist?

3. Is not the A. F. of L. "machine" against industrial organizations, wrecking

such as are built on this line in the A. F. of L., and particularly those of Socialist leaning?

4. Does not Gompers openly announce on every occasion that he intends to fight Socialism with all the means within his power?

5. Is not the A. F. of L. "machine" against the A. L. U., principally because it endorsed Socialism?

6. Did not the "American Federationist" completely ignore the greatest class war in American labor history—the Colorado mine workers' strike? Why?

7. Now, is it not a fact that Socialists have been advised by the Socialist party to "join the union of their craft," and has this not been understood as meaning an A. F. of L. union?

8. Is it not a fact that thousand of Socialists have joined or are members of the A. F. of L., and are supporting this greatest of "fakir machines," the A. F. of L. "machine," by their dues, and consequently are indirectly responsible for giving the "machine" this opportunity of preventing a class-conscious, working-class movement?

9. In other words, Socialists are contributing money which is being used for the purpose of staving the growth of Socialism, and does not that stamp them as the biggest lot of fakirs in the country?

10. Do you believe in the referendum principle which controls the A. L. U., as against the "machine" control of the A. F. of L.?

11. Do you stand for the A. L. U. as against the A. F. of L.?

12. Why don't you support the A. L. U.?

13. What are Socialists who are members of industrially organized bodies going to do when the A. F. of L. "machine" orders their dismemberment?

14. Does not the Socialist attitude on all these questions prove conclusively that they put tact or opportunity before principle?

15. If you approve of the principles that govern and control the A. L. U. as against those of the A. F. of L., why don't you Socialists come out for them?

Now, I wish to say that the prominence given the Colorado class war in connection with the A. L. U. in the Socialist press is bound of itself to bring these and many more questions before the National Socialist Convention, and they must be met and dealt with fairly and squarely on principle, and not tact.

And this surely will be the great problem for that convention to solve, so let us discuss it now, and let the rank and file say what steps they want the convention to take.

In view of the fact that these questions of principle are being put to us now, and also in view of the various phases of the class struggle, I can give no other answer for myself but that I am everlastingly for the American Labor Union as against the American Federation of Labor.

Arbitration is hailed as a solution of the conflict between capital and labor. It is vociferously lauded as a means by which the differences between employer and employee may be mutually adjusted. Despite these facts, employers' associations and trades unions, that proclaim their belief in arbitration, are now at loggerheads, bitterly fighting for or against the idea in some form or other. This paradoxical condition is not without a cause, as a little review of arbitration will reveal.

Modern arbitration consists of the attempted settlement of industrial disputes by a board composed of an equal number of representatives of the employer and employee. In case of disagreement this board selects a third party, who acts as referee, and whose decisions are final and binding. Formerly many of the States provided for the appointment of boards of arbitration. These boards acquired a reputation for partiality among employers, which destroyed their usefulness, so that to-day arbitration is entered into between employer and employee through their respective organizations, and without State intervention, except in a few States, like Massachusetts. In this form arbitration is promoted by various associations organized for the purpose, the most prominent of which is the Civic Federation.

Arbitration in its present form cannot be any stretch of the imagination be said to have been a success for the working class. The victories won by it have all gone to the employer. This fact is being gradually perceived by the employees. So much so that even such staunch upholders of arbitration in the past as the lithographers have begun to expose its deceptions. Arbitration is, in truth, only acceptable to the employer because it redounds to his benefit. In this lies the secret of his strenuous demands for its adoption by his employees, and their increasing opposition to it.

Arbitration is of benefit to the employer in many ways: first, it secures for him lower wages; second, it ends strikes in a manner favorable to him; third, it enables him to perpetuate the system by which he lives. The first point is illustrated in the arbitration on the question of increased wages and minimum output to 27,750 ells, or its equivalent in bold-faced type. In other words, the output was raised 40 per cent, and wages only 7 per cent. Or, to put it another way still, the pay per thousand ells was reduced from 27 cents to 21 cents. This was hailed as a victory for arbitration! No doubt it was a victory, but it was won by the employer.

The second point is illustrated in the history of the lithographic artists' strike in 1896. The employers, through the intervention of the printers, agreed to arbitrate the demands for the abolition of piece work, the restriction of apprentices, time and a half for overtime, a minimum wage scale of \$18 a week, and a 44-hour work week. The artists returned to work pending the settlement. The settlement came to them. Bishop Potter decided in favor of the artists on every demand, except the one for the 44-hour week. Did the litho employers live up to these awards? No. By systematic manipulation of positions, blacklisting and intimidation, the artists were compelled to give up their organization. During the recent negotiations to avert the present litho. difficulty, Edward Stoddard, president of the Poster Artists' Association, reminded O. D. Gray, one of the executive members of the Litho. Employers' Association, of these facts. Gray's reply was: "Well, the artists weren't strong enough to enforce the arbitration awards." Yet the honorable Mr. Gray now urges arbitration as an equitable method of adjusting the differences arising between employer and employee. Who is he trying to bamboozle now?

Another case in point is the settlement of the San Francisco iron workers strike for a nine-hour day in 1902. The Civic Federation arbitrated this strike, by ordering the men back to work with scabs pending settlement.

The settlement of the Iron Trades strike—this latest "glorious victory"—is the greatest crime of the century," says the San Francisco labor organ, "Organized Labor," in a discussion of the disastrous results of this arbitration. In 1902, the Boston teamsters also returned to work "pending arbitration" by the Civic Federation. The places of many of them had been filled with scabs. The result was an increase of toil for strikers who went back. This, too, was another "glorious victory."

But the greatest "victory" of all, illustrating the third point, was the anthracite coal strike arbitration, brought about by President Roosevelt, with the kind assistance of John Mitchell. Guy Warfield, in an article in the "World's Work" for March, entitled "What Has Followed the Coal Strike," cites innum-

erable facts proving that the only persons benefited by the arbitration resulting from the great anthracite coal strike were the operators. Under the practical interpretation of its awards the operators were enabled to increase the cost of coal \$75,000,000. "By means of the conciliation board," to quote a recent editorial in The People, summarizing Warfield's facts, "they are enabled to force the miners to aggression and provoke cases, the long-winded and final settlement of which redounds to their benefit. Under the decisions of the conciliation board, non-unionism is established. Under its rulings 500 union men out of a total of 3,000 have been refused re-employment in District No. 7 alone. Further, the right of discharge without consulting the union is maintained by the board. This permits of wholesale blacklisting. Finally, the board's methods enable old evils, such as dockage, to persist. All of which adds to the \$75,000,000, already recorded, still greater profits."

"Under the decision of the coal strike arbitration commission, the miners were awarded an increase of 10 per cent, but this increase is offset in various direct and indirect ways. First, the companies increased the cost of rent and coal sold to employees. Secondly, they established a system by which the non-unionists were permitted to monopolize the mine cars to the detriment of the unionists. Thirdly, the system of excessive dockage cuts down the day's pay all the way from 2 to 10 per cent. Fourthly, the increased price of commodities bought at the stores rose out of proportion to the increase in wages; so that, finally, the increase of 10 per cent was actually a decrease.

"The coal strike arbitration commission also awarded the nine-hour day. The result, in the language of Warfield, is that the miners find it longer than ten, so

# The Pilgrim's Shell

## OR

### FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUB

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH

By DANIEL DE LEON

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#### PART III.—THE COMMUNE OF LAON.

##### CHAPTER VII.

###### "TO ARMS, COMMUNIERS!"

An ever increasing crowd flowed into the market-place. Not now, as on the previous day, did joy and the breath of security brighten the faces of men, women and children gathering to celebrate the inauguration of the communal Town Hall and belfry, the symbol of the emancipation of the inhabitants. No; neither women nor children assisted at this gathering, so different from the first. Only the men met, sombre, uneasy, some determined, others crestfallen, and all foreseeing the approach of a public danger. Assembled in large groups around the pillars of the market-place, the communiers discussed the latest tidings—not yet known by Fergan at the time when, in the company of his son, he left his house—significant and alarming tidings. The watchmen on the towers, between which one of the gates of the city opened on a promenade that extended between the ramparts and the episcopal palace, had seen a large troop of woodmen serfs and colliers, with Thiegaud, the bandit and favorite of Bishop Gaudry, march into the palace at daybreak. A short time after daybreak, the King, accompanied by his knights and men-at-arms, had also retired into the fortified dwelling of the prelate, leaving Laon by the south gate, which the sentinels had not dared to refuse to open to the royal cavalcade. The courtiers of the King having warned him that the inhabitants of the city had been up all night, and that the blacksmiths' and locksmiths' anvils had constantly rung under the hammer in the manufacture of a large number of pikes, such preparations of defence, such a nocturnal excitement, all so contrary to the peaceful habits of the townsmen, awoke the royal suspicions and fears, and he had hastened to transfer his quarters to the episcopal palace, where he considered himself safer. Instructed on the departure of the Prince, the Mayor, John Molrain had himself run to the episcopal palace, where admission was refused him. Foreseeing as much, the Mayor had provided himself with a letter to the abbot counselor of the King, in which Molrain repeated his propositions of the previous day, and implored the King to accept them in the name of public peace. Molrain added that the Commune held the promised sum at the disposal of the King. To a letter so wisely framed and so conciliating, the King sent for answer that in the morning the inhabitants of Laon would be apprised of his pleasure. During that same night, it had been noticed in the city that the episcopals, entrenched in their fortified and solidly barricaded houses, had frequently exchanged signals among themselves by means of torches placed at their windows and alternately lighted and extinguished. These alarming tidings demolished almost completely the hope of an accommodation, and threw the communiers into a state of increasing anxiety. The Councilmen had been the first to appear at the market-place, where they were soon joined by the Mayor. The latter, grave and resolute, ordered silence, mounted one of the stands in the deserted stalls and said to the crowd:

"The eighth hour of the day will soon sound. I have ordered the messenger of the King to be allowed into the city when he presents himself at the gate. The King and the bishop have ordered us to meet here, at the market-place, to hear their pleasure. We prefer to receive the royal message at our Town Hall. That is the seat of our power. The more that power is contested from us, all the more zealous should we show ourselves in holding it high."

The Mayor's proposition was received with acclamation, and while the crowd followed the magistrates, Fergan and his son, commissioned to wait for the King's messengers, saw Archdeacon Anselm approaching with hurried steps. Thanks to his goodness and his uprightness, the prelate was beloved and venerated by all. Making a sign to the quarryman to draw near, he said to him in an agitated voice: "Will you join me in an endeavor to avert the frightful misfortunes that this city is threatened with?"

"The King has not, then, been moved even by the last sacrifice that we imposed upon ourselves? He refused the offer of John Molrain?"

"The bishop, learning that the Mayor had offered the King a considerable sum for the re-confirmation of your charter, offered Louis the Lusty twice as much to abolish the Commune, and promised rich presents to the King's counselors."

"And the King gave ear to such an infamous auction sale?"

"He gave ear to the suggestions of his own cupidity. He listened to the counselors that surround him, and he accepted the bishop's offer."

"The oath that Louis the Lusty took, his signature, his seal affixed to our charter—all that is then nullified?"

"The bishop absolved the King of his oath, by virtue of his episcopal power of binding and unbinding here on earth. A sacred chicanery."

"The King is in error if he expects to receive the price of that infamous traffic. The treasure of the bishop is empty. How could the King, so astute a trader, rely upon the promises of Gaudry?"

"Once the bishop's seigniorial power is restored, he will clap upon the townsmen, who will have again become taxable and subject to any imposts at his mercy, a tax to pay the sum promised to the King, and the latter himself will lend armed assistance to the bishop to levy the new contributions."

"Fatality!" cried out Fergan in an outburst of rage. "We shall, accordingly, have paid to obtain our enfranchisement, and are to pay over again to fall back into servitude!"

"The projects of the bishop are as criminal as insane. But if you desire to ward off even greater dangers, you will try to allay the popular effervescence when the decision of the King shall be announced to the Councilmen."

"You advise a cowardly act! No, I shall not seek to pacify the people, when the insolent challenge shall have been thrown in their faces! You will hear me the first to cry out: 'Commune! Commune!' and I shall march at the head of my forces against the bishop. It will be a battle to the knife!"

"Will you promise me not to precipitate so bloody a solution, that I may make new efforts to lead the bishop back to more equitable sentiments?"

Anselm had hardly finished speaking when a man on horseback, preceded by a sergeant-at-arms, covered with iron and the visor of his casque up, appeared at the entrance of the street.

"Here is the royal messenger," said the quarryman to the archdeacon, advancing towards the two cavaliers; "if the resolution of the King and the bishop is such as you have just informed me of, let the blood that is to run fall upon them!" Addressing then the royal messenger:

"The Mayor and the Councilmen are awaiting you in the large reception room of the Town Hall of the Commune."

"Monsieur the King and monsieur the Bishop commanded the inhabitants to assemble here at the market-place, in order to hear the rescript that I bring," answered the messenger; "I must obey the orders given me."

"If you wish to fulfil your mission, follow me," replied the quarryman. "Our magistrates, representing the inhabitants of the city, are assembled at the Town Hall. They have not chosen to wait here." Fearing some trap, the King's messenger hesitated to follow Fergan, who, surmising his thoughts, added: "Fear nothing; your person will be respected; I answer for you with my head."

The sincerity that breathed through the words of Fergan reassured the envoy, who, from greater prudence, ordered the knight, by whom he was escorted, to accompany him no further, lest the sight of an armed man should irritate the crowd. The royal messenger then followed the quarryman.

"Fergan," the archdeacon called in a penetrating voice, "a last time I conjure you, seek to curb the popular anger. I return to the King and the bishop to renew my endeavors against the fatal course they are starting on."

With that the archdeacon precipitately left the quarryman, who, leaving the market-place, reached the Town Hall, and stepping ahead of the messenger into the crowd repeated several times, while elbowing his way through: "Room and respect for the envoy; he is alone and unarmed!"

Arrived at the threshold of the Town Hall, the envoy left his horse in charge of Robin the Crumb-cracker, who pressed forward offering to guard the palfrey; and accompanied by the quarryman he went up to the large reception hall where were gathered the Mayor and the Councilmen, some in arms, others merely in the robes of their office. The faces of the magistrates were at once grave and uneasy. They misgave the approach of events disastrous to the city. Above the Mayor's seat stood the Communal banner; on a table before him, lay the official silver seal. The gathering was silent and wrapt in thought.

"Mayor and Councilmen! Here is the royal envoy who wishes to make a communication to you."

"We shall listen to him," answered the Mayor, John Molrain; "let him communicate to us the message he is charged with."

The King's man seemed embarrassed in the fulfillment of his errand. He drew from his breast a parchment scroll, sealed with the royal seal, and unfolding it he said in a tremulous voice: "This is the pleasure of our seigneur the King. He has ordered me to read this rescript to you aloud, and to leave it with you, to the end that you may not remain in ignorance upon its contents. Listen to it with respect."

"Read," said John Molrain; and turning to the Councilmen: "Above all, my friends, whatever our sentiments, let us not interrupt the envoy during the reading."

The King's man then read aloud:

"Louis, by the Grace of God, King of the French, to the Mayor and inhabitants of Laon, Greeting:—

"We order and command you strictly to render, without contradiction or delay, to our well-beloved and trusty Gaudry, Bishop of Laon, the keys of this city, which he holds under us. We likewise order and command you to forward to our well-beloved and trusty Gaudry, Bishop of the diocese of Laon, the seal, the banner and the treasury of the Commune, which we now declare abolished. The tower of the belfry and the Town Hall shall be demolished, within the space of one month at the longest. We order and command you, in addition, to henceforth obey the bane and orders of our well-beloved and trusty Gaudry, Bishop of Laon, the same as his predecessors and himself have always been obeyed before the establishment of the said Commune, because we may not fail to guarantee to our well-beloved and trusty bishops the possession of the seigniories and rights which they hold from God as ecclesiastics and from us as laymen."

"This is our will."

"LOUIS."

The recommendation of John Molrain was religiously observed. The King's envoy read his message in the midst of profound silence. In the measure, however, as he proceeded with the reading of the act, every word of which conveyed a threat and was an outrage, an iniquity, a perjury towards the Commune, the Mayor and Councilmen exchanged looks successively expressive of astonishment, rage, pain and consternation. Overwhelming, indeed, was the astonishment of the Councilmen, to whom Fergan had not yet had time to communicate his conversation with the archdeacon. However, aware of the evil intentions of the King, yet they had not been able to imagine such a flagrant violation of the rights that had been granted, acknowledged and solemnly sworn to by the Prince and the bishop. Great, indeed, was the anger that seized the Councilmen; the least bellicose among them felt his heart stirred with indignation at the insolent challenge hurled at the Commune, at the brazen robbery contemplated by the King and bishop in the attempt to restore their odious rights, the permanent abolition of which was proclaimed by a charter sold for heavy money. Great was also the pain felt by the Councilmen at the royal order to surrender to the bishop their banner, their seal and their treasury, and to tear down their Town Hall and its belfry. That belfry, that seal, that banner, such dear symbols of an emancipation obtained after so many years of oppression, of servitude and of shame,—all were to be renounced by the communiers. They were to fall back under the yoke of Gaudry, when, in their legitimate pride, they expected to bequeath to their children a freedom so painfully acquired. Tears of rage and despair rolled down from all eyes at the bare thought of such a disgrace. Great was the consternation of the Councilmen; even the more energetic of them, while caring little for their own lives, determined to defend the communal franchises unto death, nevertheless anticipated with profound pain the disasters that their flourishing

city was threatened with, the torrents of blood that civil war was about to shed. Victory or defeat, what distress, what ravages, what a number of widows and orphans in prospect!

At that supreme moment, some of the Councilmen, they later admitted it themselves, after having first triumphed over a transitory feeling of faintness, felt their resolution waver. To enter into a struggle with a King of the French was, for the city of Laon, an act of almost insane foolhardiness. It was to expose the inhabitants to almost certain deeds of retribution. Moreover, these magistrates—all of them husbands and most of them fathers, men of peaceful habits—were not versed in war. Undoubtedly, to submit to bear the yoke of the bishop and of the nobility meant abysmal degradation; it meant to submit for all future time themselves and their descendants to indignities and incessant exploitation. Life, it is true, would be safe, and by virtue of tame submission to the bishop some concessions might be obtained to render life less miserable. Fortunately, the instances where such unworthy wavering in the face of peril was experienced, had the advantage of unrolling before the shaken hearts the abysmal infamy that fear might drive them to. Promptly returning to their senses, these men realized that the fatal choice was between degradation and servitude on the one side, and, on the other, the dangers of a resistance sacred as justice itself; that they had to choose between shame or a glorious death. Their self-respect soon regained the upperhand, and they blushed at their own weakness. When the envoy of Louis the Lusty had finished reading the royal message, none of the Councilmen who had just been a prey to cruel perplexities raised the voice to advise the relinquishment of the franchises of the Commune.

The reading of the King's rescript being ended, John Molrain said to the envoy in a solemn voice: "Are you authorized to listen to our objections?"

"There is no room for objections to an act of the sovereign will of our seigneur the King, signed by his own hand and sealed with his own seal," answered the messenger. "The King commands in the fullness of his power; his subjects obey with humility. Bend your knees, bow down your foreheads!"

"Is the will of Louis the Lusty irrevocable?" resumed the Mayor.

"Irrevocable!" answered the envoy. "And as a first proof of your obedience to his orders, the King herein orders you, Councilmen, to hand over to me the keys, the seal and the banner of the city. I have orders to take them to the bishop, in token of submission to the abolition of the Commune."

These words of the messenger carried the exasperation of the Councilmen to its pitch. Some bounded from their seats or raised to heaven their threatening fists; others covered their faces in their hands. Threats, imprecations, moans, escaped from all lips. Dominating the tumult, John Molrain ordered silence. All the Councilmen resumed their seats. Then, rising full of dignity, calmness and firmness, the Mayor turned to the banner of the Commune, that stood behind his seat, pointed towards it with his hand and said to the messenger of the King: "On this banner, that the King commands us to give up like cowards, are traced two towers and a sword: The towers are the emblem of the city of Laon, the sword is the emblem of the Commune. Our duty is inscribed upon that banner—to defend with arms the franchises of our city. That seal, which the King demands as a token of relinquishment of our liberties," John Molrain proceeded, taking up from the table a silver medal, "this seal represents a man raising his right hand to heaven in witness of the sacredness of his oath; in his left hand he holds a sword, with the point over his heart. This man is the Mayor of the Commune of Laon. This magistrate is swearing by heaven to rather die than betray his oath. Now, then, I, Mayor of the Commune of Laon, freely elected by my fellow townsmen, I swear to maintain and to defend our rights and our franchises unto death!"

"To that oath we shall all be faithful!" cried the Councilmen with frantic enthusiasm. "We swear sooner to die than to renounce our franchises!"

"You have heard the answer of the Mayor and Councilmen of Laon," said John Molrain to the King's man when the tumult was appeased. "Our charter has been sworn to and signed by the King and by Bishop Gaudry in the year 1109. We shall defend that charter with the sword. The King of the French is all-powerful in Gaul, the Commune of Laon is strong only in its rights and in the bravery of its inhabitants. It has done every thing to avoid an impious war. It now awaits its enemies."

Hardly had John Molrain pronounced these last words when a deafening uproar rose outside the Town Hall. Colombai had joined his father to accompany the royal messenger to the council hall. But after hearing the rescript of the King, he was not able longer to restrain his indignation. Hastily descending to the street, packed with a dense mass, he announced that the King abolished the Commune and re-established the bishop in the sovereignty of his so justly abhorred rights. While the news spread like wild-fire from mouth to mouth through the whole city, the crowd, massed upon the square, began to make the air resound with imprecations. The more exasperated communiers invaded the hall, where the council was gathered, and cried, inflamed with fury: "To arms! To arms! Down with the King, the bishop and the episcopals!"

Sufficiently uneasy before now, the royal messenger grew pale with fear, and ran for protection behind the Mayor and Councilmen, saying to them in a trembling voice: "I have only obeyed orders; protect me!"

"Fear nothing!" called Fergan. "I have answered for you with my head. I shall see you safe to the gates of the city."

"To arms!" cried John Molrain, addressing himself to the inhabitants who had invaded the hall. "Ring the belfry bell to convoke the people to the market-place. From there we shall march to the ramparts! To arms, communiers! To arms!"

These words of John Molrain caused the King's messenger to be forgotten. While several inhabitants climbed to the tower of the belfry to set the big bell ringing, others descended quickly to the street and spread themselves over the city crying: "To arms!" "Commune!" "Commune!" And these cries, taken up by the crowds, were soon joined by the clangor from the belfry.

"Molrain," Fergan said to the Mayor, "I shall accompany the envoy of Louis the Lusty to the city's gate that opens opposite the episcopal palace, and I shall remain on guard at that postern, one of the most important posts."

"Go," answered the Mayor; "we of the Council shall remain here in permanence to the end of deciding upon the measures to be taken."

Fergan and Colombe descended from the council hall. The King's man walked between them. The people, running home

for their arms, had cleared the square; only a few groups were left behind. Little Robin the Crumb-cracker, who had been charged with the care of the messenger's palfrey, had hastened to profit by the opportunity of straddling a horse for the first time in his life, and was carrying himself triumphantly in the saddle. At sight of the quarryman, he quickly came down again and said, while placing the reins into his hands: "Master Fergan, here is the horse; I prefer the infantry to the cavalry. I shall now run for my pike. Let the little episcopals look out. If I meet any, I'll massacre them."

The bellicose ardor of the stripling seemed to strike the royal envoy even more forcibly than anything he had yet seen. He remounted his horse escorted by Fergan and his son. The redoubled peals from the belfry resounded far into the distance. In all the streets that the King's man traversed on his way to the city gate, shops were hastily closing, and soon the faces of women and children appeared at the windows, following with anxious mien the husband, father, son or brother, who was leaving the house to meet in arms at the call of the belfry. The King's messenger, sombre and silent, could not conceal the astonishment and fear produced in him by the warlike excitement of that people of bourgeois and artisans, all running with enthusiasm to the defence of the Commune. "Before you arrived at the gate of the city," Fergan said to him, "you surely expected to meet here with a craven obedience to the orders of the King and the bishop. But you see it for yourself, here, as at Beauvais, as at Cambrai, as at Noyons, as at Amiens, the old Gallic blood is waking up after centuries of slavery. Report faithfully to Louis the Lusty and to Gaudry what you have witnessed while crossing the city. Perchance, at the supreme moment, they may recoil before the iniquity that they are contemplating, and they may yet save grave disasters to this city that asks but to be allowed to live peacefully and happy in the name of the faith that has been plighted."

"I have no authority in the councils of my seigneur the King," answered the envoy sadly, "but I swear in the name of God, I did not expect to see what I have seen, and hear what I have heard. I shall faithfully report it all to my master."

"The King of the French is all-powerful in Gaul, the city of Laon is strong only in its right and the bravery of its inhabitants. It now awaits its enemies! You see it is on its guard," added Fergan, pointing to a troop of bourgeois militia that had just occupied the ramparts contiguous to the gate by which the King's envoy made his exit.

##### CHAPTER VIII

###### RETRIBUTION.

The episcopal palace, fortified with towers and thick walls, was separated from the city by a wide space, lined with trees and that served as a promenade. Fergan and his son were busy organizing the transport of materials destined for the defence of the walls in case of an attack, when the quarryman saw the outer gate of the episcopal palace thrown open. Several of the King's men came out, looked around cautiously, as if to make sure that the promenade was clear, re-entered the palace in hot haste, and almost immediately a strong escort of knights rode out, and took the road that led to the boundary of Picardy. This vanguard was closely followed by a few warriors, clad in brilliant armor, one of them, notable for his enormous stomach; two ordinary men could have been easily held in this one's cuirass. The rider's casque was topped with a golden crown engraved with fleur-de-lis. The long scarlet saddle-cloth, that covered his horse almost wholly, was likewise embroidered in gold fleur-de-lis. These insignias, coupled with the extraordinary corpulence of the rider, designated Louis the Lusty to Fergan. A few steps behind the Prince the quarryman recognized the messenger, whom, shortly before, he had himself accompanied to the gate of the city, and who, now was engaged in an animated conversation with the Abbot de la Marche. The train closed with several baggage mules and servants; the rear was brought up by another squad of knights. The whole cavalcade soon fell into a gallop, and Fergan saw the King at a distance turning towards the ramparts of Laon, whose belfry bell did not cease ringing, and menace the city with a gesture of rage by shaking at it his closed fist, covered with a mailed gauntlet. Giving then the spurs to his horse, Louis the Lusty soon disappeared at the turning of the road in the midst of a cloud of dust.

"You flee before the insurgent communiers, oh, King of the Franks, noble descendant of Hugh Capet!" cried out Colombe in the passionate heat of his age. "Old Gaul is waking up! The descendants of the kings of the conquest flee before the popular uprisings! The day

# The Pilgrim's Shell

(Continued from Page 2)

behind with feet and hands. The wagon was filled with straw and faggots, heaped so high, that the mass of combustibles, raised twelve or fifteen feet above the rails of the wagon, completely hid and covered those who shoved it, serving them as a shelter against the projectiles that might be hurled at them from the walls. The assailants figured upon setting fire to the combustibles in the wagon, with the object of pushing it near enough to the gate so as to communicate its fire to the latter. The move, although skilfully planned, was baffled by the quick wit of Robin the Crumb-cracker, the blacksmith's apprentice. Armed with his pike, he was one of the first at the ramparts, and had noticed the chariot advancing slowly and always pushed from behind. Several insurgents, armed with bows, yielded to a thoughtless impulse, and hastened to shoot their arrows at the wagon. These, however, fastened themselves uselessly in the straw or the wood. Robin pulled off his shirt, tore it in shreds, and sighting a tall militiaman, who, seduced by the example of his fellows was also about to shoot uselessly upon the straw, the blacksmith's apprentice briskly disarmed the townsman, seized the arrow, wrapped it in one of the shreds of his shirt, ran and plunged it into a caldron of pitch, already liquid, lighted it at the fire, and quickly placing it on the cord of the bow, fired the flaming arrow into the middle of the chariot filled with combustibles, and then but a short distance from the walls. Overjoyed at his own inspiration, Robin clapped his hands, turned somersaults, and while returning the bow to the astonished militiaman, set up the shout: "Commune! Commune! The episcopals prepare the bonfires, the communiers light them!" And the blacksmith's apprentice ran to pick up his pike.

Hardly had the firebrand dropped upon that load of straw and faggots than it took fire, and offered to the eyes one mass of flames, overtopped by a dense cloud of smoke that the wind drove towards the episcopal palace. Noticing the circumstance, Fergan hastened to profit by it. "My friends!" cried he, "let's finish the work begun by little Crumb-cracker! That cloud of smoke will mask our movements from the episcopals. Let's make a sortie. Form into a column of armed men, and let's take the episcopal palace by storm. Death to the episcopals!"

"Fall to!" was the insurgents' response. "To the assault! Commune! Commune!"

"One-half of our troops will remain here with Colombaik to guard the walls," Fergan proceeded. "They are fighting in the village. The episcopals might try to attack the ramparts from behind. Let those follow me who are ready to storm the episcopal palace. Forward, march!"

A large number of communiers hastened upon the heels of Fergan. Among them was Bertrand, the son of Bernard des Bruyeres, the ill-starred victim of Gaudry's murderous nature. Bertrand was silent, almost impassable in the midst of the seething effervescence of the people. His only thought was to avoid dropping his heavy axe that weighed down his shoulder. Fergan had cleverly led the sortie of the insurgents. Masked for a

sufficient space of time to the eyes of the enemy by the flames and smoke of the burning wagon and its load, they soon reached the walls of the episcopal palace, found the gate open, and a crowd of armed serfs standing under the arch. Under the lead of several knights, they were preparing to march on the assault of the postern, their chief, as well as Fergan, having relied upon masking their attack behind the burning chariot. At the unexpected sight of the insurgents, the episcopals only thought of barring the entrance to the palace. It was too late. A bloody hand-to-hand encounter took place under the arch that joined the two towers on either side of the gate. The communiers, warming to the conflict, fought with fury. Many were killed, others wounded. Fergan received from a knight a blow with an axe that broke his casque and struck his forehead. After a stubborn struggle, the inhabitants of Laon threw the episcopals back and entered the vast yard where the combat proceeded with redoubled fury. Fergan, still in the hottest of the fight, despite his wound, for a moment thought himself and his men lost. Just as the fight was at its hottest, Thiegaud came in from the green of the bishopric at the head of a large body of woodmen serfs, armed with stout hatchets, and threw himself into the fray. The re-inforcement was intended to crush the insurgents. What was not the surprise of these, when they heard the serf of St. Vincent and his men set up the cry: "Death to the bishop! To the sack of the palace! To the sack! Commune!"

The combat changed its aspect on the spot. The larger number of the bishop's serfs who had taken part in the struggle, hearing the woodmen cry: "Commune! Death to the bishop! To the sack of the palace!" dropped their arms. Deserted by a part of their men, the knights redoubled their efforts of valor, but in vain; they were all killed or disabled. Soon masters of the palace, the insurgents spread in all directions, yelling: "Death to the bishop!"

Thiegaud approached Fergan with a mien of triumphant hatred brandishing his cutlass. "I answered Gaudry for the faithfulness of the woodmen of the abbey," cried the serf of St. Vincent, "but in order to revenge myself upon the wretch for having debauched my daughter, I caused our men to mutiny against him and his tonsured fellow devils!"

"Where is the bishop?" the insurgents shouted, brandishing their weapons. "To death with him!"

"Friends, your vengeance shall be satisfied, and mine also. Gaudry will not escape us," replied Thiegaud. "I know where the holy man lies in hiding. The moment you forced the gate of the palace, and fearing the issue of the fight, Gaudry put on the coat of one of the servants, in the hope of fleeing under cover of the disguise. But I advised him to lock himself up in his storeroom, and to crawl into the bottom of one of the empty hogsheads. Come, come!" he proceeded with savage laughter, "We shall stave in the head and draw red wine." Saying which, the serf of St. Vincent, followed by the mob of the insurgents who were exasperated at the bishop, wended his way to the storeroom. Among the furious crowd was the son of Bernard des Bruyeres. Having by the merest chance escaped unscathed from the mêlée, the frail youth marched close behind Thiegaud, endeavoring, despite the smallness of his stature and his feebleness, not to lose the post he had taken. His pale and sickly features were rapidly regaining their color; a feverish ardor illumined his eyes and imparted to him fictitious strength. No longer did his heavy battle axe seem to weigh on his puny arm. From time to time

he lovingly contemplated the weapon, while he passed his finger along its sharp edge. At such times he would emit a sigh of repressed joy, while he raised his flashing eyes to heaven. Guiding the communiers, the serf of St. Vincent, threaded his way to the storeroom, a spacious chamber located at one of the corners of the first yard. Before reaching it, the inhabitants of Laon, having stumbled against the corpse of Black John that lay riddled with wounds, they threw themselves in a paroxysm of fury upon the lifeless body of the savage executor of Gaudry's cruelties. In the tumult that ensued upon these acts of reprisal, the son of Bernard des Bruyeres was, despite all stubborn resistance on his part, separated from Thiegaud, at the moment when the latter, helped by several of the insurgents, broke down and forced the door of the storeroom, that, for greater precaution, the prelate had bolted and barred from within. The mass emptied itself into the vast chamber that was barely lighted by narrow skylights and crowded with full and empty vats. A kind of alley wound its way between the numerous hogheads. Thiegaud made a sign to the insurgents to halt and stay at a distance. Wishing to prolong the bishop's agony, he struck with the flat of his cutlass the head of several vats, calling out each time: "Anyone inside?" Of course he received no answer. Arriving finally near a huge hogshead that stood on end he turned his head to the communiers with the slyness of a wolf, and removing and throwing down the cover that had been lightly placed upon it, asked again: "Any one inside?"

"There is here an unhappy prisoner," came from the trembling voice of the bishop. "Have mercy upon him in the name of Christ!"

"Oho! my friend Ysengrin!" said Thiegaud, now taking his turn in giving the nickname to his master. "Is it you who are cowering down in that barrel? Come out! Come out! I want to see whether, perhaps, my daughter is there in hiding with you." Saying which, the serf of St. Vincent seized the prelate by his long hair with a vigorous clutch, and forced him, despite his resistance, to rise by little and little from the bottom of the ton into which he had crawled. It was a frightful spectacle. For a moment, always holding the bishop by the hair as the latter rose on his feet in the barrel, Thiegaud seemed to hold in his hand the head of a corpse, so livid was Gaudry's face. For a moment Gaudry stood upon his legs inside of the barrel, with his head and shoulders above the edge. But his limbs shook so that, wishing to support himself inside of the barrel, it tumbled over and the Bishop of Laon rolled at the feet of the serf. Stooping down, while the prelate was painfully trying to rise, Thiegaud affected to look into the bottom of the barrel, and cried out: "No, friend Ysengrin, my daughter is not there. The dame must have stayed in your bed."

"Beloved sons in Jesus Christ!" stammered Gaudry, who, upon his knees, extended his hands towards the communiers. "I swear to you upon the gospels and upon my eternal salvation, I shall uphold your Commune! Have pity upon me!"

"Liar, renegade!" yelled back the enraged communiers. "We know what your oath is worth. Swindler and hypocrite!"

"You shall pay with your life for the blood of our people that has flowed to-day! Justice! Justice!"

"Yes, justice and vengeance in the name of the women, who this morning had husbands, and this evening are widows!"

"Justice and vengeance in the name of the children, who this morning had fathers, and this evening are orphans!"

"Oh, Gaudry, you and yours have by dint of perjuries and untold outrages tired the patience of the people! Your hour has sounded!"

"Which of us is it that wanted war, you or we? Did you listen to our prayers? Did you have pity for the peace of our city? No! Well, then, neither shall there be pity for you! Death to the bishop!"

"My good friends . . . grant me my life," repeated the bishop, whose teeth chattered with terror. "Oh! I pray you! . . . Grant me my life! I . . . I shall renounce the bishopric . . . I shall leave this city . . . You shall never see my face again . . . Only leave me my life!"

"Did you show mercy to my brother Gerhard, whose eyes were put out by your orders?" cried a communier, seizing the prelate by the collar and shaking him with fury. "Infamous criminal! Did you have pity for him?"

"Did you have mercy for my friend Robert of the Mill, who was stabbed to death by Black John?" added another insurgent. And the two accusers seized the prelate, who quietly allowed himself to be dragged upon his knees, "You shall die in the face of the sun that has witnessed your crimes!"

Overwhelmed with blows and insults, Gaudry was pushed out of the storeroom. In vain did he cry: "Have pity upon me! . . . I shall restore your Commune! . . . I swear to you! . . . I swear!"

"Will you restore their husbands to the widows, their fathers to the orphans you have made?"

"After having lived the life of a traitor and a homicide; after exasperating an inoffensive people that only asked to be allowed to live in peace in accordance with the pledge that was sworn, it is not enough to cry 'Pity' in order to be absolved."

"Clemency is holy, but impunity is impious! Death to the bishop!"

"Heaven and earth!" cried Fergan. "The justice of the people is the justice of God! Death to the bishop! Death!"

"Yes, yes! To death with the bishop!"

The prelate was dragged in the midst of these furious cries outside of the storeroom. Suddenly a tremulous voice dominated the uproar: "What, shall not the son of Bernard des Bruyeres be allowed to avenge his father?" Immediately, by a simultaneous movement, the insurgents opened a path to the son of the victim. His face radiant, his eyes flashing, Bertrand rushed upon the prostrate bishop, and raising his heavy axe with his weak hands, cleaved the skull of Gaudry; then, casting off the blood-stained weapon, he cried: "You are avenged, my father!"

"Well done, my lad! The death of your father and the dishonor of my daughter are avenged at one blow!" cried Thiegaud; and seeing the episcopal ring on the bishop's finger, he added: "I take my daughter's token of marriage!" Unable, however, to tear the ring off the prelate's finger, the serf of St. Vincent cut it off with a blow of his cutlass and stuck both finger and ring in his pocket.

So legitimate was the hatred that Gaudry inspired the communiers, that it survived even the man's death. His corpse was riddled with wounds and covered with curses. The insurgents were in the act of throwing his lifeless body into a sewer close to the storeroom, when from another side the cry fell upon their ears: "Commune! Commune! Death to the episcopals!"

(To be Concluded.)

## BEBEL'S DRESDEN SPEECH

(Continued from Last Week.)

Has not the emperor made the casual remark: "Yes, if we had a Millerand!" If I should be asked, I would say: "Why, we have Vollmar, who is, to say the least, the peer of Millerand. His tactics are the same as those of Millerand, and that, according to my opinion is where the great fault lies." Of course these things go differently with us than elsewhere. With us in the closing hour it is ever said: "Bend or break," and as it does not bend, it breaks.

Suppose the case, that in the authoritative circles the idea should gain ground that advantages could be derived, that an impression could be made upon the workingmen, if one of our ranks should be allowed to enter the administration. Do you really believe that such a thing would happen, without concessions on our part? Do ut des! This maxim of politics, nobody knows better than Vollmar, and for that a fraction of power would be granted to us, much more unimportant than you imagine.

For many years the National Liberals have been represented by "Lanky" Mollier in the administration. A fortnight ago I read an article in the National Liberal "Hanoverian Courier" which amounted to this: "Honored member of the Party, leave the cabinet as soon as possible. You cannot benefit us there. You only compromise us." ("Hear! Hear!")

Thus even fares the National Liberal Party. Let us suppose the case that something similar would be possible for our Party. They then would tell us: "One hand washes the other." We make wee concessions to you, but now be kind enough to vote for our appropriation bill! You must approve the army, the navy, the colonial appropriations, foreign politics, indirect taxes, duties on food supplies, love offerings. You must swallow the whole budget—skin and bone—then will we make concessions to you."

What is it that Heine once said: "Guns in place of the rights of the people!" (Heine: "You still repeat this story!") I never heard anything more ingenuous than this speech. I have said repeatedly a strong government means a weak parliament. The more you strengthen the government the more firm you make it and enable it to "rub it in" to us and reduce us everything.

It is said, who then really ponders over these things? Of course one ponders over them. Vollmar, in Munich, set up the proposition that the battle should be concentrated upon single issues and upon a few immediate points, and he named

as such points, the right of coalition, the right of private and public assembly, the abolition of the duties on food-stuffs, and the normal labor day.

What the situation is in regard to the duties in foodstuffs, we have seen only lately. Until now this kind of politics has been called English Trade-Union politics. This is not politics based on principles, and will bring us into a false position.

At the convention in Frankfurt, we entertained the budget question. The Bavarian comrades had voted for the budget. At that time Comrade Auer spoke strongest in opposition to Vollmar; to-day, of course, he would not speak any more in this strain. (Auer: "Quite right!") In consequence of a very clumsy amendment of Stadthagen the question was not solved clearly at that time (Stadthagen: "The amendment was very good!") Ah, but you are incorrigible! (Great hilarity.) When you are once possessed of a view, you will not abandon it. The amendment was a great mistake.

Revisionism is especially at home with the South-Germans, caused probably not only by the influence of Munich, Cappa or beer and wine, which make people more peaceably inclined, but rather by the less developed economical conditions of South Germany. ("Quite right!") But for this very reason no attempt, particularly on the part of South Germans, should be made to force new tactics upon more developed North Germans. This is what I most strongly oppose.

Later on in Lubeck the budget question was again the subject of deliberation. In 1899 the South German deputies also met in Wurzburg, but invited the so-called Bernsteinians only, and there and then agreed to vote for the budget in future. ("Hear! Hear!") Elhardt exclaims: "The South Germans deplored!" Certainly, deputies! I did not say that Bernstein was invited, but these comrades at that time denominated themselves Bernsteinians. It was agreed to vote for the budget, although some of the deputies were of a different view; for example, Lowenstein and von Haller.

To be sure, the budget question in the individual States differs somewhat from that in the Empire, still the governments of the individual States are at the same time the governments which compose the Bundesrat. (The upper house of the German legislature.—Translator.) To vote for the budget perhaps might be permissible, if in the respective individual States the general, direct, equal, and secret right of suffrage for all classes would be recognized; if no bourgeois parties would

there be preferred to us; if the upper house—everywhere the brake for progress—would be abolished; if every Social Democratic could obtain any State position; if the members of the army would not need to be afraid to declare for the Social Democracy; if real liberty of the press existed.

When all these conditions were complied with, I might perhaps question myself, if I could approve of the budget. But then I would further question the respective government: "What is your attitude towards the Empire, what has been your course of action there? Who, then, has inflicted on us the Socialist law for twelve years?" It was accepted unanimously by the Bundesrat. "Who proposed in 1890, when the Socialist law fell, the amendment to the trade law, with its famous criminal punishment of breach of contract, and its increased severity of Section 152?" All the governments, including the South German ones, "Who proposed the reaction bill, the state prison bill?" All the governments including those of South Germany.

What standpoints then, do all these governments occupy in regard to army, navy, and colonial questions, concerning the questions of indirect taxes on articles of general consumption and of love-offerings? Is it perhaps intended to construe a theory of dual soul?" Here we have for tens of years mocked the National Liberals, that they recognize such a theory and now should it grow into life with us? That dare not be, even on that account every step in this direction must be opposed in the most decisive manner.

Have we not heard how Auer and Schipper in Hamburg attempted to justify the new gun bill? Was not Schipper who, in the "Socialistischen Monatsheften" most bitterly derided our demands for a militia? While these articles were being discussed in the delegation nobody from your side applied to Schipper the merited reprimand. ("Hear! Hear!")

Has it not been asked by a comrade in the delegation: "Why, do you really believe, that we will be able to permanently disapprove of the Empire budget?" ("Hear! Hear!") Great commotion. How is it possible, that such a question can be put regarding an attitude which forms the basis of our entire fight? (Stormy applause.)

When on every occasion, ever and ever, efforts in this direction will be made, I say: Donnerwetter, when it goes that far, then the old Social Democracy is no more, then will we be fit subjects for the ances of the enemy, then in reality evil

days have overcome us. (Vivid assent.) Furthermore as far as the last year's tactics of our Bavarian friends as to the right of suffrage are concerned, I declared to them already at that time: If the bill becomes a law by reason of your resolution, the centre will be in control of an absolute majority in your legislature for a long time—the same Party, to which we give no quarter in our battle—the party, which is to-day more than ever the one most opposed to social progress, the most retrogressive. ("Very true!") If any party properly guarded its interests in the Bavarian right of suffrage question, it is the Centre. This praise I cannot but bestow on them, and I regret that upon my own comrades it is impossible for me to do so. ("Good! Hear!")

Again the resolution of Mayence about the railroad consolidation! We had clearly and completely adjusted it at Mayence. Calwer, who surely is no Radical, and stands much nearer to Vollmar than to me, had proposed the resolution, according to which the means of transportation shall be placed under the control of the Empire. And this is self-evident, for as well as capitalist society in Germany requires uniform commercial and industrial laws, it also stands in need of a uniform policy in regard to transportation. This also is the convention of Mayence demanded.

Against the resolution, declarations had been produced, and it had been resolved to make propaganda for the South German railroad consolidation. ("Hear!") But, after returning, it became evident that the situation in the South German States was so unsettled that we did not even dare to launch the project in any single one of them.

When men of Vollmar's standing draw wrong conclusions of this kind, commit such serious errors, it cannot very well be accidental, but has its reason in the fact that their entire sentiments and ideas concerning the Party, their principles and tactics have undergone a radical change from the past. (Much assent.) Revisionism also distinguishes itself by its great modesty. (Laughter and assent.) It really is a cardinal difference. With the veriest trifles one is satisfied—only no harrasing, no excitement, no cooperation with the masses.

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DETROIT LECTURES.

Sunday, April 3—"The Church and the Labor Problem," James R. Murray.

At Minnebach's Hall, 273 Gratiot avenue, at 2:30 p.m.

Upon presentation, or receipt by mail, at this office, of this coupon, accompanied by ten paid-up yearly subscribers to The Weekly People, we will give, or mail postpaid, one cloth bound copy of Lissagaray's "History of the Commune of 1871." This book is the only authentic and reliable history of the most memorable proletarian movement of modern times. The retail price is \$1.00. Fill out this blank.

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## WEEKLY PEOPLE

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will be returned, if so desired, and  
stamps are enclosed.SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED  
STATES:

In 1888.....	2,088
In 1892.....	21,157
In 1896.....	36,564
In 1900.....	34,191
In 1902.....	53,763

"If any man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act aright, I will gladly change; for I seek the truth, by which no man was ever injured. But he is injured who abides in his error and his ignorance."—Aristotle.

## VOL. XIV.

With this number the Weekly People begins the publication of its fourteenth volume. In this volume, as in all past volumes, the Weekly People will continue the task of educating and organizing the workers according to the uncompromising principles of class-conscious Socialism, regardless of the denunciations of so-called "labor" leaders and the machinations of their employers—the capitalist class. With a crisis on hand, with bogus Socialist and democratic "friend of labor" movements threatening the economic and political interests of the workers the Weekly People, will in this volume, as in all preceding volumes, be found in the forefront of the vanguard that is fighting for the emancipation of the working class through the establishment of the Socialist Republic.

## THE MCCARREN STRUGGLE.

During the Mayoralty or Henry George campaign of 1886, and when the tidal wave of the Labor vote seemed to portend inevitable doom to both the capitalist candidates, the Tammanyite, Fatty Walsh, remained serene. "Why," said he, "them labor men are crazy! They can't win. They hain't got no election inspectors!"—and he was right, both in his premises and the full measure of his conclusions, and the overflowing measure of what his premises implied nearly 18 years have since elapsed and we now find State Senator McCarron, of Brooklyn, in a fierce fight, not for delegates that may approve this, that or the other principle, but for the control of the election inspectors. From Fatty Walsh to McCarron the line is uninterrupted. The cribbage motto, "It all lies in the counting," is the motto of the capitalist game called politics.

The ferociousness of the McCarron fight should not be wasted upon the thinking. A delusion is quite rampant that the thing to do is "to get votes," and well-meaning people not a few have succumbed to it. They little realize that votes do not "count" unless they can assert themselves, and that in order to assert themselves they must either be counted, or must be of a temper and fiber to resist being counted out. As to the former alternative, what may be called the illustrious hierarchy that extends from Fatty Walsh down to McCarron demonstrates that, in order to have votes counted off-hand the class principles which polls them must be able to man the hustings with its own election inspectors, and that in order to have the power of so manning the hustings the corresponding class principle must previously have possession of the government, consequently, that the votes which proceed from a class principle that is not in possession of the government and is struggling for such possession, has not a ghost of a show of being counted off-hand. The Fatty Walsh-McCarron demonstration leads to conclusions of prime importance. They are these: That the only alternative left a class principle that is struggling for the possession of government to resist being counted out is that its vote be so heated in the furnace of knowledge, so beaten hard on the anvil of conviction, so fortified in the sizzling waters of experience, that it becomes unbendable, unbreakable and irresistible, a compound of well-tempered enthusiasm and audacity, and so well tempered that the counting out be impossible—or futile.

This pregnant fact once grasped, "votes" and "vote-getting" fall into proper perspective; they are seen to be, not the sum but a bridge for the revolutionary army to march over; in other

words, seeing that bridges may be temporary and frail and only of transitory use, but a revolutionary army must be sound, the thing to do is to drill that army, otherwise a mob and not an army will cross the bridge, and be scattered by the drilled forces in possession during or after the bridge is crossed,—in politics that "scattering" is called "counting out."

One would not think so from looking at them, and yet the Fatty Walshes and the McCarrons are preaching a mighty lesson—EDUCATE, EDUCATE, EDUCATE—on things and men, on principle and on practice!

## SINCE WHEN IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE NOT SAUCE FOR THE GANDER?

William Randolph Hearst is a lucky man. He may not agree with the reasoning, but that does not matter. He may even imagine that what some consider evidences of good luck are the reverse of that. Nevertheless, what he is becoming the cause of no other mortal is or has been.

It is now less than eight years ago, when all the elements of capitalism that opposed Mr. Bryan drew such a long breath of relief at his defeat that the intoxication of their gladness took the place of the intoxication of wine by blurring out the truth. Those or these anti-Bryan capitalists had been out-Bryanizing Bryan on the "American racket." For every time that Bryan sought to conceal the fallacy of his economics in the dust that he raised about "true Americanism," his capitalist adversaries did the same trick twice in behalf of their false claims during the campaign. After the campaign, however, these anti-Bryan capitalists forgot their cue for a moment, and had extensive articles showing that their pockets in general, and civilization in particular, owed a tremendous debt to the foreign citizens. Why, said they, look at the States where the foreigners are fewest, South Carolina, Kansas, etc.,—all went heavily for Bryan; on the other hand, look at the States where foreigners are numerous, like Wisconsin, Minnesota, New York, etc., they went thunderingly for McKinley and civilization. Indeed the argument was made that the strength of the vote for "law, order, and civilization" could be gauged by the measure of the foreign vote—wherever this was numerous "civilization," etc., won an "overwhelming victory," in the measure that the foreign vote declined in numerical strength, in that same measure the "overwhelmingness" of the victory was less overwhelming, until it vanished and became a defeat where the native element overshadowed the foreign into insignificance. That was then immediately after the Presidential election of 1896.

We now approach the Presidential election of 1904. One of the tunes to the prelude is the election of a Hearst-Bryanistic delegation by the Democratic Convention of Rhode Island. And, lo and behold, the same elements that not quite eight years ago sang the praises of the foreigner now turn a somersault back and decry him. The Providence "Journal" leads in the somersault, it imputes the Hearst victory to the foreign vote, and it cries "woe, woe is us!"

Is not Mr. Hearst a lucky man for being the one and only friend of Mr. Bryan who so managed things as to convict the detractors of his associate of downright false pretences? Surely that which within eight years ago was sauce for the goose can not in so short an interval have ceased to be sauce for the gander. If in 1896 the foreign vote had the distinction of saving civilization; for what reason can it in 1904 be denied the distinction?

## THE BEAUTY OF "GIVING ROPE."

On the stump, in their papers and on all occasions where the capitalists are facing the working class, they declare that the interests of the capitalist and of the working class are reciprocal, and not at all antagonistic. As usual, when declarations of this sort are made they insinuate some other tacit bit of information. The tacit bit of information insinuated in this instance is that the notion of antagonistic interests between Capital and Labor is one found only among workingmen—people, who, being ill informed, become a prey to Socialist demagogues, and are made to absorb the false idea; but that, on the contrary, among the capitalists, people who, being well informed, having enjoyed the benefit of a college education, are well posted and too sensible to be misled by Socialist rantings, such a notion does not exist, but that among the capitalists, their conversations, their thoughts and their acts are guided by the star of the "Brotherhood of Capital and Labor." Such is the claim asserted and insinuated.

Now, then, Congress, if any place, is that in which the insinuated claim should

be tested. There are the chosen and sifted darlings of capitalist society. Whatever views on the matter of the actual relations of Capital and Labor are entertained by capitalist society must surely reappear in the private exchange of views among those chosen and sifted darlings of capitalist society gathered in Congress. What view do they express there? The answer to the question may be gathered from a passage in a speech of John J. Fitzgerald, a representative from New York. Speaking in Congress "on the state of the Union," Mr. Fitzgerald threw this light upon his associates:

"There is a mistaken BUT VERY PREVALENT BELIEF THAT ALL LEGISLATION PROPOSED FOR THE BETTERMENT OF LABOR IS A COVERT ATTACK UPON CAPITAL."

There it is. The temper with which the representatives of capitalism in Congress approach all propositions thought to be for the betterment of labor is the same temper with which all oppressors look at proposed reform—opposition. They look at any such proposition as a clipping of their power, an attack upon their privileges. And so it is. The class-conscious working people know it; the pestiferous Socialists preach the fact; the capitalists deny it. But here comes one of their own representatives, and being given the full rope of debate in Committee of the Whole, he hangs the insinuated capitalists' claim that they really suppose their interests are not antagonistic to the interests of Labor; he blurts out the truth of what the real views of the capitalists are.

There is nothing like "giving rope"; it is a sovereign measure.

## AN UNGRATEFUL GENERATION.

Secretary Cortelyou of the Department of Commerce and Labor reminds one of the Prophets of old crying out in the wilderness against an ungrateful generation.

The gentleman has been interviewed. Being a Secretary of both Commerce and Labor he revels in statistics. "Never mind words," seems to be his motto, "figures!" And he soaks in the figures. And what do these figures show? They show a tremendous prosperity among the working class due to the rise of wages?—no; the secretary is not now on that tack—the prosperity that he now proclaimizes on is due to the lower prices of the necessities of life.

Oh, ye ungrateful generation of workingmen!

Know ye not that the prohibitive price of good meat, compelling you to put up with worthless stuff is a sign of cheaper goods? Do ye not understand that by being unable to buy good meat, due to its rise in price, you are thereby finally lead not to buy any meat at all—thus being in pocket the moneys you formerly spent on meat, and are prosperous by just so much cash?

Know ye not that the increased price of eggs, of flour, sugar, etc., in some places of bread, has the same effect? Know ye not that increased prices have the effect of superinducing abstinence from buying—thus leaving you so much more money in pocket, just so much more prosperity?

Know ye not that, if to-day the underclothes ye buy do not give one-fifth the wear of the underclothes ye formerly bought, ye therefore have to buy three times as many under suits? And do ye not realize that a man with three times as many under-suits as he had years ago is therefore three times more prosperous than he was then? Know ye not that, ye perambulating lump of ungrateful generation?

And as to rent, what of it if it has gone up almost everywhere? Know ye not that the more rent ye pay the more money the landlord has to spend in clothes, hats, shoes, carriages, houses, etc., etc.? And who is the beneficiary? Why, know ye not that it is yourselves? because the larger the demand for goods, the larger is the consumption, and the larger the consumption the more quickly the supply is exhausted, and the quicker the supply is exhausted the sooner is Labor re-employed, and the sooner Labor is re-employed the more workingmen have jobs, and the more workingmen have jobs, the higher wages go—consequently, prosperity pours into your pockets from two sides—from the side of larger incomes, and from the side of more moneys remaining in your pockets due to your decreased purchase, as shown to ye above?

Know ye not all that, ye workers? Feel ye not the fact? Have ye no sense of gratitude?

And quoting Antony, our nation's Secretary of Commerce and Labor exclaims: "Oh judgment thou art fled to brutish beasts."

"And men have lost their reason!" but differently from Hamlet our Secretary of Commerce and Labor does not bemoan his fate for being thrust into a world that is so wholly off its hinges,

and that he is to set aright. He feels cheerful; draws his salary; enjoys the admiration of the "intelligent few," and wonders at the base ingratitude of the masses.

## CA IRA!

A discussion has started in the press of the so-called Socialist, alias Social Democratic party, that is an A. No. 1 sign of the times, and of the success of untrified Socialist Labor Party agitation. Elsewhere in this issue will be found the detailed facts on the subject, taken from the Dayton, O., "New Nation." In a nutshell this is the discussion:

Fifteen questions, gathered from the persistently pertinent questions that the S. L. P. has been putting, are picked out and quoted approvingly, and the discussor closes with the answer that the S. L. P. is right and no Socialist should voluntarily support the A. F. of L.

The answer—does not the discussor realize it?—immediately raises another, which may be condensed into a personal one. What on earth keeps you in the so-called Socialist party which in bulk supports and will continue to voluntarily support the A. F. of L. and what becomes of the one reason that used to be advanced for starting the rival S. P., alias S. D. P.?

Each of the fifteen questions implies an S. L. P. maxim on Trades Unionism. For these maxims the S. L. P. was opposed by the unsophisticated, who believed the lies set afloat by the sophisticated knaves. These lies have worn out their legs. Originally intended to wear out the S. L. P., they now become boomerangs. The S. L. P. being found right, the unsophisticated who were misled into joining a wrong organization, are now confronted by the question not so much, why not join the A. I. U., but why not drop the S. P. alias S. D. P. along with its inseparable master, the A. F. of L., and join the S. L. P.?

We imagine we hear voices say: "The whole S. P. alias S. D. P. is not ruled by the A. F. of L." We do not deny the fact.

It is so, a portion of the S. P., alias S. D. P. is free from the incubus of the A. F. of L., but that portion is a minority, the majority is dominated by the A. F. of L. and consequently the A. F. of L. exercises at least an indirect pressure upon the free minority.

The only thing that can stand in the way of this fact, being appreciated by the minority is the hope that they will be able actually to talk or reason the dominant majority into dropping the A. F. of L.—a delusion. The minority followed a delusion when it helped to set up the rival of the S. L. P.; the minority has by this time found out its delusion. Should not the lesson guard them against getting out of one hole by forthwith dropping into another? Should they not by this time have found out the truth of the principle that material interests control principles? Can anyone who has thoroughly appropriated that truth fail to see that the Volkszeitung Corporation crowd along with their English poodle, "The Worker," can not exist without the support of the A. F. of L. labor fakirs, who sell out the workingmen, as the brewery fakirs of the East did, and thereby get for them the advertisements and other pay from pool brewers and other labor-skimmers? Can any fail to see that the Tobin swindle on the workers is the breath in the nostrils of James F. Carey? Is anyone so blind not to perceive that without Max Hayes prostitutes herself to the fakirs of the Int'l. Typographical Union in particular and the other labor fakirs in general, she would go under? And so forth and so on. All these worthies, it is true, play the role of "opposition to His Majesty"; but the opposition of the Liberals in Parliament never goes further than against the personnel of the Cabinet, never against the monarchical system of the government itself. And so with these blatant "opportunist" in the A. F. of L. Their opposition is entirely personal. They may oppose Gompers but never Mitchellism—they live on corruption, consequently, while they rant about "independent political action" they stand by and countenance the acts by which labor is kept in ignorance and lashed to the chariot wheel of capitalism; not the least of their services to capitalism being to squirt dirt upon the S. L. P.,—all of which is Gompersism, or Mitchellism, or Tobinism. That dominant majority is as irredeemable as the small property holder, even more so.

The "discussion" in the S. P. is a welcome sign of the times. Socialism, weak in numbers and opportunities to be heard, could never progress were it not for capitalism that furnishes the economic temperature for the Socialist seed. Just so with the Socialist Labor Party. Its existence would actually be a thing of the past, as the silly S. P., alias S. D. P., editors have been claiming, were it not for combined action of the capitalists and the dominant majority of the S. P. and S. D. P. which by their conduct create the political atmosphere for S. L. P. soundness to assert itself.

Ca Ira!

Some doubts having been cast on the contention made in these columns that the capitalist legislators are a magnanimous lot, we wish to herewith to reaffirm the same, and, in so doing, we will again use New Jersey lawmakers as the illustrious example wherewith to prove the point. According to a Trenton dispatch of March 25, "the session of the New Jersey Legislature ended to-night. One of the last bills passed was that to relieve directors of corporations from criminal prosecution on account of payment of unearned dividends, when it appears that such action has been taken without their unqualified consent after thorough investigation."

Could anything exceed that in magnanimity! True, it makes the employees of a corporation responsible for the rascality of its directors—but isn't that thoroughly in accord with the modern spirit to make a scapegoat of the employee to the profit of the employer? We repeat that capitalist legislators are a magnanimous lot—to the capitalists.

A few days ago it was announced that:

"Another subsidiary company has been added to the list of the Pittsburg Coal Co. It has been incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital stock of \$100,000, and is known as the Pittsburg Coal Car Co. The charter permits the corporation to manufacture railroad cars."

This announcement is an important one. It helps to make clear the absurdity of the claim that the increase in the number of corporations is proof that industry is not concentrating. The creation of "another subsidiary company" by the corporation is typical of modern capitalism. Modern corporations are continually creating subsidiary and auxiliary companies and operating them as one. Thus, instead of the growth in corporations proving the end of concentration, they, on the contrary, prove its growth.

According to a despatch from Sharon, Pa., dated March 25, "the output record at the Carnegie steel blast furnace was again broken yesterday. The furnace turned out 636 tons of pig iron in 25 hours, the best previous record being 603 tons."

Recently the men employed at this furnace had their wages reduced 10 per cent. and upwards; so that now they produce more and receive less for it than formerly. The economists who teach that wages depend on the productivity of labor may now be expected to indulge in mental gymnastics in an effort to reconcile theory with fact.

China refuses to negotiate a new exclusion treaty with this country. It is believed that China has determined to insist that her subjects who are in the United States or who desire to come to this country shall be placed on a footing nearer that of immigrants from other countries. As China's trade has become of immense value to the capitalists of this country since the present exclusion treaty was enacted, it is likely that they will be willing to grant her more liberal terms of renewal at its expiration. Economic interests will be the main consideration in the settlement of this as well as other international matters.

There is some talk in Lowell (Mass.) capitalist circles of consolidating the Boott, Massachusetts and Merrimack textile corporations. The consolidation would create a corporation an eighth of a mile in length, all of the property being contiguous; also a living picture showing the result of the evolution from the domestic hand loom to concentrated factory industry. Were the spirits of the early settlers of Lowell to return to the site of these mills—which was probably once occupied by the homes in which they spun and wove textiles for their own use—they would marvel at the sight of them and their power driven machinery, their thousands of miserable wage slaves, and their production for profit. Such a sight would most likely affect them as the sight of the first settlers of the Cabinet, never against the monarchical system of the government itself. And so with these blatant "opportunist" in the A. F. of L. Their opposition is entirely personal. They may oppose Gompers but never Mitchellism—they live on corruption, consequently, while they rant about "independent political action" they stand by and countenance the acts by which labor is kept in ignorance and lashed to the chariot wheel of capitalism; not the least of their services to capitalism being to squirt dirt upon the S. L. P.,—all of which is Gompersism, or Mitchellism, or Tobinism. That dominant majority is as irredeemable as the small property holder, even more so.

The establishment of employment bureaus in this city for the purpose of securing sufficient unemployed to resist the demands of union labor at the St. Louis Fair, is not without its significance. It demonstrates the correctness of the Socialist theory that the unemployed are essential to the success of capitalist enterprise; and that were it not for them it would be possible for the working class to secure all that it strikes for through trades unionism. With the unemployed in existence, with machinery, concentration and intensification continually adding to their numbers, there is no escape from capitalism for the working class except through the establishment of Socialism, under which the hours of labor will be reduced in proportion to mechanical and technical progress, and employment, with all that it implies, will exist for all.

## IN THE FIELD OF LABOR.

With the recession of "prosperity" a decided change has come over the relations existing between employer and employee. During "prosperity" the inherent antagonism in these relations was comparatively subdued. The greater demand for labor gave the working class an opportunity to secure nominally higher wages. The capitalists, rather than suffer a loss of trade, considered it wise to grant such an increase, and relied upon the increased trade, cost of living, and intensification of labor to recoup themselves, which they did. This lull, this subsidence, in the conflict of interests between employer and employee was mainly secured through the agency of arbitration, with and without strikes.

The moment "prosperity" began to wane—in the beginning of 1903—however, a decided change in the attitude of both sides was evident. Under the necessity of reducing prices and entering into foreign competition, compelled by a decrease in home demand, amounting to a panic, the capitalists began to curtail production and render thousands of workmen idle. Shutdowns, strikes and lockouts increased in number, adding armies to the unemployed. Extensive wage reductions followed. The Parry Association sprang into prominence with its program of hostility to labor organizations, while large industrial corporations not affiliated with it pursued the same policy. On all sides the subdued antagonism between capital and labor has given way to open antagonism, and the class struggle now rages in all its bitterness and intensity.

The methods of combat employed by the capitalists in this antagonism are two fold, first, there is an outspoken declaration in favor of non-unionism and all that it implies. The statement of principles of the Sh

## CORRESPONDENCE

(CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSURED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS. BEHOLD THEIR OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NONE OTHERS WILL BE RECOGNIZED.)

## HOW MITCHELL HELPED THE OPERATORS.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—The following will show how the rank and file are bamboozled and the revolutionary spirit is run into the ground by the misleaders of labor:

On the 14th instant the regular meeting of Local Union 98, United Mine Workers of America, was held at 7.30 p.m. in the City Opera House, which was hired so all the miners could attend. The strike problem, with the circular letters from the leading officials, especially Mitchell, was to be discussed. The 14th instant was the evening before the vote was to be taken.

The first thing on the programme was a song, with piano accompaniment, entitled "The Laughing Coon," by a miner. Then all that were not miners were asked to retire and the pass-word was taken up. The rules were suspended and nine candidates for membership admitted. Minutes were read and approved. Then came the correspondence.

A letter from Mitchell, making a strong appeal to the miners to vote for the reduction of their own wages, was read. When the chairman asked, "What shall be done with this communication?" a motion was promptly made and seconded to send the same back to Mr. Mitchell. There was great applause and laughter, but the motion was never put. The head push looked sick and declared they were surprised at such audacity. Then some dummy moved to accept the letter and place it on file. This motion was put, the ayes and nays being about a dozen each, the bulk of the 500 present not voting. The motion was declared carried.

When the chairman asked if any member had anything beneficial to the union to offer, a miner arose and asked if there was not a way to remove the third clause in the agreement. They seemed not to know what he was talking about.

Then the miner said: "I will quote you the clause. It reads thus: 'Any operator paying this scale shall be at liberty to load any railroad cars, regardless of their ownership, and ship and sell to any person, firm or corporation in any market he may desire.'"

The speaker declared that this clause was used by the operators to boost prices by forcing strikes here and there all over the country, and then supplying said affected market with high-priced coal.

The question was dodged, and the only reply the miner got was that the matter could be brought up at the state convention. At this point things were worked up to such a pitch that one of the head fakirs—W. T. Morris, one of the members of the State Board—was called upon to give a speech. He said in part as follows:

"Fellow-miners: You all have known me from a tramp boy. You know I am for you and have been all the time. But, being an officer, I am in a position to know things that you do not know; some of you, anyway. If we strike, the anthracite miners will work, and east of the Ohio river there are 60,000 unorganized, probably in Pennsylvania alone, and then we have several thousand in other places, such as West Virginia. Now, everything is O. K. west, but bad east. In Pennsylvania we have no check-off system; the Arbitration Board overlooked that. In the eastern states we have thousands that can't speak the English language, and know very little about organization. When they see coal going by their doors, others working, and no strike benefits coming to them, they will break away. They are good citizens and good strikers, too, when everybody is striking; but if anybody works they want their part."

"You know the good name of the U. M. W. of A. It was never known to break a contract. You know that five out of the thirteen districts of Illinois contracts are not out till September, and they will not be called out. And when coal is going by our doors and some are in distress, what guarantees have we that some of our own men will not break away and go to work also? You know that some of the operators will try to operate their mines anyway. Some miners have made the statement that if we strike we will get about \$1 a day; that there are about \$2,000,000 in the treasury, etc. There is, but if we dumped both state and national treasures into one there would only be about \$10 per head for those that were out, and we couldn't do that, for there is an organization organized to fight the unions and we would have to reserve part of this money to fight this organization and to keep our officers out of jail. So you see, there wouldn't be more than \$6 each for you at the most."

"You know that the U. M. W. of A. has always contended for arbitration, and we couldn't refuse it in this case, and I do not believe that the said board would give any better than the operators have offered in this last case, for they contended for 15 per cent. reduction at first. You know it is a two years' contract, and you know we are not losing half we gained the last time we got a good settlement while the anthracite men were out; but they will work now, and if we accept this contract will be out the same time as the anthracite contract is, and we will settle with these other districts here for eighteen months, which will make all expire at the same time, and will also carry us over the election, when everything will be more settled."

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"Do not think Brother Mitchell has

done anything wrong. He is O. K. I remember in the 70's there was a man that was the leader of the miners whom rumor had it sold out. He died a pauper, and now they have erected one of the finest monuments in the country over his grave. They know now that he was true.

"I will now close by appealing to you to vote for the settlement. But in your wisdom, should you prefer a strike, I will still stand with you. But if you lose, remember what Morris told you. Should you win, I will say you were the wisest. Now, let every one come out and vote to-morrow. Ten votes may decide. Let everybody vote their sentiment. Now I will answer questions if any brother wishes to ask any."

A Miner—"Mr. Speaker, are there two classes in society—the wage-working class and the profit-making class, and are not each organized economically against one another?"

The question was dodged by Morris, who replied that all the working class were not organized. That was the trouble, and not all employers of labor belonged to the organization he had spoken about.

Miner—"Being as each class is organized just the same, whether in exactly the same organization or not, there are only the two material interests at stake. Don't you think that if the working class would quit voting these capitalist organizations into power and vote themselves into power and use said power in their own interest and hit the whole capitalist class a good hard blow at the ballot box next November by voting for the only party of labor, it would make the capitalists think twice before reducing our wages just before election, and also cause some cold chills to run down their back?" (Voices in the crowd, "Yes, yes.")

There was no attempt to answer this last question. The questioner is well known by all as an S. L. P. man.

Morris, when speaking about the five districts working in this state, declared it was necessary for some of the miners to work, anyway, to keep the factories running. Holy smoke! How long will the rank and file consent to be led by such a set?

According to Morris's own statements, the fakirs are to blame for the action of those miners in the east that can't speak the English language, for they are good strikers when others strike, and he tries to make it appear they are ignorant. They are bright men from my point of view. Though being deaf and dumb as far as our language is concerned, their instinct of right tells them the labor fakirs is trying to lead them wrong.

On, boys, with the S. L. P. and S. T. and L. A. The future is ours and can't be much longer away. The fakirs have cut the miners' organization all to pieces.

Despite all the work of the officers trying to throw the responsibility off themselves, which had the strike come, would have convicted the whole set as fakirs and traitors, Illinois, according to the capitalist papers, went two to one for the following candidates:

Town Clerk, Robert F. Colson; Selectmen, Washington L. Bryer, Timothy Johnston and Charles W. Pratt; Treasurer, Herman P. Russell; Tax Collector, John C. Pitman; Assessor for three years, James A. Kennedy; Overseers of the Poor, Stephen Ant and Thomas A. Stidstone; Constable, Maurice Pratt; Water Commissioner, William Barber.

## AMONG THE SOCIALISTS OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—The opinion of The Weekly People readers here is that its articles on Socialism are the best extant.

Just to show its American readers that a lot can be done by introducing The People, the following incident may be of interest: A comrade named Charles King, formerly of the S. T. & L. A., of San Francisco, came into our midst, and found the majority of the comrades reading freakish papers a la "Appeal to Nonsense." Well, he gave a talk about the S. L. P. and The People, the result being that nearly all the comrades read it regularly now, and the party sent a \$40 order for S. L. P. literature, by way of a start. What he did, others can do. Will they do it? Vive la "People!"

Yours fraternally,  
H. Scott Bennett,  
Organizer Social Democratic Party,  
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

## AN EDITORIAL "GEM."

To the Daily and Weekly People:—I send an editorial gem from the columns of the Pittsburgh "Gazette," the leading capitalist sheet of the "Smoky City." Does the writer of the enclosed editorial know the difference between a member of the two old parties and a Socialist? It would seem as though he does not. It may be possible he is mixed up with Bernstein. Let us hope so, or what is the use of tolerating a fool killer?

It would not be a bad stroke of policy to send this asinine quill driver a list of Bebel's works. But what's the difference? He's on a par with two-thirds of his kind throughout the country.

J. F. C.  
Allegheny, Pa., March 18.

(Enclosure.)

"Herr Bebel has returned to his task

of keeping the German Government on straight. He is really a man of great ability and probably the foremost German statesman of this generation. Some prejudice exists against him on account of the political title of Socialist, though in fact Herr Bebel is a Democrat. He is not a Socialist in any strict sense of the term. There is justice in his criticism of the injustice of the government which punished an army officer with a sentence of two years in barracks for the murder of a private who did not salute, while it gave to sailors a sentence of six years for beating two non-commissioned officers in a drunken brawl. There is justice also in his remarks upon the treatment of the natives in the German colonies in Southeast Africa. In fact, Herr Bebel stands for justice and is particularly severe in his arraignment of imperial partiality. The common people of Germany owe much to his logical thought and eloquent oratory."

## WHO CAN GIVE THIS INFORMATION?

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Employers in the printing trade in Buffalo recently solicited the addresses of all their employees. As the action seems to be general in this city, the printers are wondering if any attack on their organization is meditated. Can any People readers give any information along the following lines:

1. Are employers in the printing trade in other cities collecting the addresses of their employees?
2. Are employers in any other trade in Buffalo or in any other city collecting the addresses of their employees?
3. Can any one supply any information about the probable object?

C. C. W.  
Buffalo, March 20, 1904.

## MIDDLE-CLASS TAXATIONISTS AS USUAL.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Enclosed find a piece of campaign material distributed among other stuff by Local Gaugus, "Socialist" Party, at this spring's election. Fraternally,

W. E. FRESH,  
Woburn, Mass., March 20.

(Enclosure.)

## GOOD MANAGEMENT AND ECONOMY IN TOWN AFFAIRS IS BETTER THAN NURSING AMBITIOUS POLITICIANS!

While the ultimate result of Socialism is a condition of Society that will give to the worker the full product of his toil, which can be obtained only through a class, conscious political party, they have also immediate demands, among which is honest and faithful administration in office.

Last year a Socialist was elected to the Board of Health, and this year, instead of asking for an increased appropriation, the Board will turn back to the town, several hundred dollars.

Continue the good work and vote for the following candidates:

Town Clerk, Robert F. Colson; Selectmen, Washington L. Bryer, Timothy Johnston and Charles W. Pratt; Treasurer, Herman P. Russell; Tax Collector, John C. Pitman; Assessor for three years, James A. Kennedy; Overseers of the Poor, Stephen Ant and Thomas A. Stidstone; Constable, Maurice Pratt; Water Commissioner, William Barber.

## STUFFING THE ITALIAN WORKMEN.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—On Sunday, March 20, the bogus Socialists, alias Social Democrats, held a lecture at Neproda's Hall, with Silvio Origo, of Springfield, Mass., as the lecturer. As I happened to be in the vicinity of the hall, I stopped in to see what was going on. There were about twenty persons present, mostly bogus Socialists and members of the Italian Federation. The lecturer was introduced by one Corti, who changes his mind as often as he looks at his shoes.

Origo spoke in Italian. He pointed to Colorado, which, he said, was governed worse than Russia. Then he drew the moral, of how the workers would continue to be shot down by the militia as long as they voted for Democrats and Republicans. To reinforce the moral Origo told of a car strike in Boston, which was quelled by the company, receiving police protection from the Democratic Mayor. Then, by way of contrast, he told of a similar strike in Brockton, Mass., right near Boston, where a "Socialist" was Mayor. The company appealed, as usual, for protection, whereupon the Mayor, being a "Socialist," told the officials that if they did not accede to the demands of the men the city would run the cars and give the men what they asked for. Of course, Origo lied, for no such thing ever occurred.

When Origo finished, he asked if there was any one in the audience who wished to ask a question. The undersigned then got up and put the following:

"Mr. Speaker, I heard you tell how the Democratic and Republican parties are ever ready to help the capitalist class on the economic field by sending the police and militia to their aid when

the workers ask for more of what they produce. How is it, then, that the so-called "Socialist" party keeps in its ranks a man, James F. Carey, who, when elected to office, voted \$15,000 to make the Haverhill Armory more sanitary, so that the militia men would be in a good condition to shoot strikers, and their bullets be nice and dry?"

To this, Origo, in true kangaroo style, said he would not answer. Then he proceeded to call me a "De Leonite," and a "fanatic," and said he had not come here to discuss a dead issue, that the De Leonism is dead and buried and not worth while bothering about, etc. Despite this, however, the S. L. P. appeared very much alive.

John Kenney.  
Lawrence, Mass., March 19.

who can explain this better than I can, I again urge the idea to have organizers canvass from house to house for subs., and also have hired canvassers. There are many who can go canvassing for \$6 or \$7 and board, and would be getting better wages than in the slave pens of capitalism. I know members working for 11½ and 12c. an hour, who could do the work.

John Kenney.

Lawrence, Mass., March 19.

## OHIO'S STATE ORGANIZER.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—I second every word of Comrade John Kenney's letter on canvassers, only I would go a step further. If a State can put a speaker on the road, he should be required to canvass for the party press, as well as speak. My further step means this, that an organizer should not be asked to make a flying trip through a State. Nothing can be accomplished in that way. Nor would I favor sending a speaker in a town that is organized.

Take Ohio, for instance. We have several large cities that are not yet organized. I would be in favor of sending an organizer first to one of those cities and let him stay there until he has succeeded in getting a foothold, even if it takes a month. What I mean by a foothold is to get two or three men thoroughly drilled in Socialism. Then let him take the next city and keep on, and in that way I think something good can be accomplished.

The Ohio S. E. C. has engaged Comrade Frank Bohn, of Ann Arbor, Mich., to act as organizer for Ohio this summer.

He is young, strong and good looking, and I'll venture to say that when he approaches the lady of the house he will not have to do much talking to induce her to subscribe for the Weekly.

Comrade Bohn has other good qualities. He is a good speaker and he is a tireless worker for the cause.

Now, comrades of Ohio, I ask you to consider my plan for I do sincerely believe that it is a money saver and a sure success to the end. Let us try to keep Comrade Bohn in the field for good. If each comrade of Ohio will pledge himself to give \$1 a month the task can be accomplished.

Yours,

Otto Steinhoff.

Columbus, O., March 23.

## HOUSE TO HOUSE CANVASSING.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—I continually read communications of comrades living in various parts of the United States, telling the best ways and methods of canvassing from house to house in order to make the party press a success. I have no doubt but the comrades mean well enough. I know that the State committees and individuals of the party have offered prizes in order to induce the members to canvass from house to house. I know also that the National Executive Committee and the officers of the Daily and Weekly People have done their best to arouse the membership and sections all over the nation, and show them plainly the necessity of canvassing from house to house in order to put the paper on a solid basis and make it self-supporting.

Still, this point ought to be made once more: The Socialist Labor Party will never make a success of its press until the members start a house to house canvass for subscriptions for The Weekly People.

By making a house to house canvass

you will educate the proletariat to

"realization of the fact that the Daily

and Weekly People are the only genui-

ne workingman papers printed in the

English language in the United States

of America, and as soon as they realize

that fact so soon will they join the

ranks of the Socialist Labor Party, be-

come active members and drive the capi-

talist system of production, which en-

slaves us wage workers, out of exist-

ence.

Through the circulation of the official

organ of the Socialist Labor Party, the

proletariat will smash and break the

influence that the capitalist papers, the

pulpit, labor fakirs and politicians

have on the working class.

Now, comrades, we, as members of

the Socialist Labor Party, should com-

pel our State committees not to hire

